

In Bringing-up of Johnny Foreys.

A little child shall lead them.

6264 Chap. I. "Preparing."

The young Foreys kept a little stationer's shop in Littwold. The opening of the shop had been commenced for venture, but things went well with the pair, perhaps because they were well-deserving.

This shop was not without a touch of romance: when Foreys had been the good-looking young postman who brought occasional letters among circulars to the dingy vicarage of the very poor parish of St. Boniface: and she — was the person's daughter, who, in default of a letterbox or a maid, opened the door to the postman's knock, — came, by degrees, to look on the intelligent countenance of the young man as the oasis in a rather dreary life. Moral — here a letter-box on your door if you don't keep a maid.

But we must lay the foundation on a little joke which would seem to lay the young Foreys open for a moment to the charge of vulgar back-door courtship. It is true Ellen generally opened the door to the young postman's knock, but she never said more than 'Thank you'; not by so much as meeting perhaps did the two indulge in clandestine interviews. No mischief, if mischief it was, had been done at Sunday Church, & other parish meetings & treats.

was said; but when I asked, if there is anything in his/her
& downcast eyes, his person was not unreturnable.

That was a scene to be remembered when John Forbes,
asking for an interview with the vicar, was shown into
the gloomy almost pitchless little den called the Vicar's
study, & put on a bold front; & though, here & there,
asked Mr. Bridges for the hand of his daughter Ellen.

If her coachman had asked the Queen for the hand
of a royal princess, her surprise could not have
been greater than was that of the poor vicar as
he listened to this audacious postman. He
forgot that to this very day, his own father & mother
kept a small draper's shop in the out-of-the-way
town of X. Whether his parents the occupation of his
parents, he himself was a gentleman, a Christian
man & a devoted clergymen, doing heavy
up-hill work in a neglected parish.

- That his daughter should marry in his own rank seemed to him nearly fit-thinking - who shall blame him? He was not - say you, he was not angry, he was only utterly surprised & unapproachable: he listened by his fire as one would listen to proposals for a trip to saturn.
- "No, no; my good fellow: this is pure nonsense! I'm glad you are saying so well, as you say, furnish me at least as good as this: but, don't you see, - I don't want to hurt your feelings - you must feel a wife in you & our class: Brown, ^(the Baker) daughter is a nice girl. it would be promotion for you to be connected with that family."

There was nothing for it - but to tell angry him - reasonable father's pleasure belonged to the domain of fiction. But - pining maidens apparently belong still to that effect. Ellen pined. She did not talk or idle or have airs: never was a more dutiful daughter, a pleasanter or busier girl in a house: but she lost flesh, & she lost colour & she lost appetite. She moreover, anyway, could not bear to see her child suffering.

"But - what in the world does she see in the fellow? Don't you think it's rather indecent for a girl to care for a man beneath her?"

Hell, when it comes to that - he was a good young man, attended classes - was very decently educated - etc. etc. in a word, husband, young and ~~distressed~~^{poor}.

worn up every day; months were many, a man
was small; & a month less a few, even less
& the dutiful eldest-girl, was a consideration;
before the year was out, it was settled that John
Forbes should be allowed to marry Ellen Bridges.

Soon frosty morning now was a quiet little
wedding in the gloomy dusty church of St. Barnabas.
And all the wedding-trip was a quiet & sombre
journey by train to the neighbouring & 'gentleman'
town of Lutwold; over whom had taken the little clattering
shops now seen, & furnished to every little six-
roomed house that belonged to it; & Ellen was
really not sensible of any downfall; nor, as in
setting her feet in the shop - no such thing!
before house-work, she was used to that, since
she was amusing & occupying her own dainty little
house in order then to spend her labours in the
dusty old home which never could look any no
better.

This went well with the two. Since he was a bit
of a lad, whom had had a turn for book-binding; & born
his own 'Boy's Friend' when he was ten, & had from no
ever since picking up bits of knowledge & insight as
one does when once one has a hobby. He had done
a good deal in that way before he was married, & the
money he saved furnished the quiet elegant little
home which was the joy & pride of Mrs. Forbes's heart.
And just lately, he had turned out a ring in yellow
gold,

+ put in his reward letters - a collection of penny papers - that the whole neighbourhood was letting about.

One thing helps another. - When Mr. York's cap became rather the fashion, you were sure of civility + good things. Then, everything looked as fresh straight! People didn't know of the two Ellen spent every morning in dressing + airing before the shutters were taken down, nor of the little family音乐会 of two that sat over the busy green stock! It was a prosperous bright little home, & it was no wonder poor Bertrand Mr. Bridges came over to see the young couple so often as his tender conscience would let him spend pennies on the little journey.

Prosperity has a trick of prospering. & that has a way of getting better. A delicious new hope crept into the lives of the young pair. It was too good to be talked about - in open day, but the increased kindness of the two, & John's incessant chivalry care for his wife ~~seemed that his delighted~~
~~young wife~~ ~~attracted~~ ~~strange~~ men, each knew that the other was as a child transported into a world of fairy-tale - living & moving in the vision of the thing which was to be!

The schoolmaster is abroad in the land. Captain Indre had always a way protecting himself in things beyond the range of his duty work. Regn he was married

married, he had attended a course of lectures on ~~human~~
 physiology. The subject fascinated him: he had
 made himself acquainted with the writings of those
 best well-known ~~and those~~ biologists, & the marvellous
 thing about was that we made so little practical
 use of 'birds' shaft, if they don't too place in our
 hands the 'elixir' of the old world, does so, anyway,
 how how much a man's health & character are in
 his own hands. "Why, if all this is true, a man
 might make almost anything he liked of his
 child, God helping him!" — was his inward comment
 long before he had that snug little nest in Carlton St.

And now? Ah, well! The higher you stand, no
 more you see, & Foydys was in a position to take
 a good all-round look at the possibilities that
 were coming to pass. A child! A little child!
 A child of his very own! Oh, the divine, good
 gift! And the good men studied to discern it
 to make the best of it, even while his heart
 still fluttered between anxiety & an ecstasy of sp.

Ellen said nothing when she saw him turn
 for evening with the rather heavy-looking volumes
 in quest of which he ran about the bookshop library.
 She would have given much to read to her, & she
 would have loved to hear him do so; but — well, there

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as little miles of delicacy between the poorest human hearts which you can do violence to yourself by keeping down. So this was over - when did he put a little printed book mark to his wife had given him into another ~~obstinate~~ ^{way} in ~~several~~ places he meant her to look at. Of course she took the hint & as she read she was awed with the conviction that she was already the conservator of some share at any rate of the interests of the world.

How good people are if you only take them the right way! Little Mrs. Dodge would have called herself a very common place little woman - always excepting what she was to John. But the determination with which she set herself to a certain way of life was - heroic ~~in~~ in a quiet way. In little special indulgences for her, upon please! She was not, for example, punctual by nature. But now, how exactly to the minute each meal was served, &c &c, ready to sit down to it. How she timed herself in all her occupations - so long for the bedroom - so long for preparing dinner - & how she chid herself if she exceeded her time. How singular simple she was in her eating, how she excluded wine & strong drink! Nay, she had still a foolish weakness for chocolate but she would not let John indulge her with a single penny worth! How neat she became,

too!

Ellen had always been rather given to "unninging" dresses, for example, leaving them so. But now, not so: the good girl constrained herself to a neatness & precision that made her laugh every "Can this little old woman be?"

By the way, what arrogance it is in us middle-aged people to look down upon a "new girl" as wife & mother! The Bible says nothing about it, but we are very sure, ^{from} the sweetness & meekness of her behavior, that the Virgin Mary must have been a "new girl" when she became the most blessed amongst mothers. At what age will you find the quietness, the power of melting yourself as the ring you ought - which a good girl shows? Mrs John Fordyce was a woman & matron, and wish to treat her with due respect; but - she was not yet nineteen! And John, the very sturdy John himself, had not seen his twenty-fifth birthday. All hail young couples, & young parents! No doubt they are the sturdiest laborers in the universe of the world's progress.

And it was not only her outward life Ellen ruled: she revived her old taste for poetry. She came across some lines saying, that one ought to read some good poetry every day: and she did: to John when she got a chance - she had a pleasant voice even a practiced reader - when he was very weary. Her very thoughts ran in melodious measures. Indigo had been encouraged to add his musical